THE SALT LAKE HERALD

THE SALT LAKE HERALD, SUNDAY, FEB. 5, 1905

Why the Hot Sulphur Mail Was Late

Park, Colorado—a park one-fifth as large as all England. The mail for this empire is carried by one man, my football gives—and leave that sticker panther-dug hole. Slowly the end of a friend Sullivan.

friend Sullivan.

To climb Berthoud is winter is the work of a man. It is too much for an engine. The man was at his work. Slowly up the east side, around the Big Bend, up to the now deserted mail barn, labored the mail carrier. The summit was a mile further up. No arranged postar car, warm light and convenient, was the lot of Sullivan. The car was on his hack a haz of mail. The car was on his back, a bag of mail. Contrary to regulations, devised by easy-chair postal officials in far-off Washington, the papers and packages had been held at Empire. Only the

had been held at Empire. Only the letters went over.

"They'll keep," said the Empire postmaster, a man of vast common sense, as he tore a chew of Sullivan's plug. Then he and Sullivan hid the bag of "second-class" under the hay in the manger of the mail team until the thaw was over. So Sullivan traveled light—only sixty-four pounds on his back and twenty pounds of wet snow on each wet snowshoe a foot beneath the surface.

By the bleak station labor edSet By the bleak station labored Sullivan.

By the bleak station labored Sullivan.
"Only zero! Hot. Whe-ew-w!" gasped
the carrier as he wiped the sweat from
his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt.
Sullivan meant it. Twelve feet of frigsunivan meant it. Twelve feet of frigic white was between him and the
earth; in the shadows the 'mercury
was solid in the split tubes, yet in the
sunlight the surface was slush. Sullivan was in his shirt sleeves with fur
mittens on his lands. Icicles hung
from his eyelashes, yet his cheeks were
burning. His nose was a blister. burning. His nose was a blister, though his face was veiled as heavily as

In Montana it had forn the anemometer, the official whirtigig, from the signal station, but had left the register;
and the needle pointed to eighty-five
miles an hour. It was stronger now,
Caught by the wide open mouth of the
south fork of the Frazer and jammed
into the rocky defile, the white flend
roared straight into the air and douled had not roared. Into this walked bled back on its track. Into this walked Sullivan. A single snowflake, shar as a bunch of needle points, struck hi forehead, but glanced away into th white tempest. Snow sand cut his veil But no snowstorm can stop the United States mail. With a belly jerk Sullivan wrenched a breath from the torrent.

"Quite a Colorado zephyr," he yelled but could not hear himself. There wa almost perfect silence around him, be cause he could hear nothing—only leaden roar. No slush there; the sur-face was sandpaper. Zip-zip-zip, with his head low, Sullivan butted down the gulch. Then it eased up. The wind guich. Then it eased up. The wind dropped to a mile a minute and it cleared greatly. Sullivan could see ten feet ahead. Easier now, he loped over the crust, down, down, down, leaving no track; not even a whiff of snow was blown from the trail. The snow was hard, sharp and glittering in the white light as the surface of broken steel. blast of snow sand caught the flying carrier full in the face. The groun ice cut like powdered glass shot froi a battery. Sullivan, his arms befor his head, ran into and leaned again. a cracking pine like a guilty child The pine straightened with a snap quivering as if tired; Sullivan lowered his arms; all was still, quiet, pleasant The snow was smiling; the sun was shining; there was no wind.

"Lovely, ain't it? Snowslide gone off rong end up," said a voice. Sullivan jumped. A quick sweep of the near distance showed nothing human but himself. "Did I say that?" he muttered. "This bucking snow is about as good on a man's savey as herding necked buck if I keep this up. Hello! "Howd'y?" answered the voice, while under a sheltering ledge, crusted

from under a sheltering ledge, crusted over but filled soft and dry with icy down as if banked for a feather bed, a sheeted figure appeared and shook itself. It fairly rattled.

"Nice little blow, wam't it? I had an idea I was the only pack animal of the long-eared breed on the range; but I see I have company, baggage and all. Glad to see you, though. By the way, sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for those shoes and that coat; also any spare change you've got. your ticker, and that mail bag. Now don't go off half cocked and empty, or

He of the voice had leveled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow, at the mail carrier. Sullivan was not startled; what was the use? But he was annoyed—this lacked mountain

was annoyed—this lacked mountain courtesy. Then he grinned.

"Not this trip, pardner. Your artillery's as full of snow as the Arctic circle, while this instrument I have—"Flame, smoke and steam exploded between the two men. As it floated upward, he of the voice was bent double, squeezing his right hand between his knees. Blood was dripping over his felt boots and overshoes. An exploded six-shooter rang on the ice twenty feet away.

BERTHOUD PASS is a mighty pass, and you'd work a bluff on me, did you? and yet not hurt. Freeze like a cock-It is the crest of a solid wave of granite two miles high, just at berline. Berthoud is a vertebra in backbone of the continent. It is gigantic aerial gateway to Middle ler. Its ready for business. Just off k. Colorado—a park openfifth as the buckwheat. Now don't get rattled, or you're a dead man. Now's when you need all your brain. Keep cool—though you'll be cool enough the buckwheat. Now don't all too seen."

football gives—and leave that sticker of yours alone. You might cut somebody with it. No, thank you, I'll help myself. Straighten up, now, and turn your back. See here: Are you going to do as I tell you, or shall I fix your hide so that they'll tan it for chair bottoms? Jump lively now, or I'll fix you so full of lead that you'll assay for Lealville ore, and it'll take the coroner's jury twenty-four hours to count the holes. Still, I don't want to kill you; it's a dirty job, and I would rather walk you into town than haul you there on you into town than haul you there on your back.
"Oh, don't go frothing now and sass "Don't think so. Both feet fast.

your back.
"Oh, don't go frothing now and sass me bacfl like that. Of course, I'm festive. Who wouldn't be, with a \$5,000 winner—hold on there! Five-thousand dollar gold mine, as I was sayin', in your own self as a standing reward for Black Jack. N-no, my dear sir! A single jump into my latitude and I'll plug you. Post office robber, huh? And gathered in by Uncle Samuel himself in the person of your humble striker! "Lord," I ain't talked so much since

speech-makin' over good luck come into fashion. Oh, yes, I know you. No; it ain't no lie, either. I have your circular description here in my pocket, right next my heart to tack up in every mail window between Empire and Hot Sul-I phur. You're wanted, wanted bad; five thousand dollars' worth of bad, too and I've got you-and incidently I in tend to keep you. Now drop that cleaver of your'n and shinny on down the trail

How's yourself?"
"One leg in a vise—can't move it. What d'you think?"

"Guess you're right. How's the sno 'None 't all-all ice. Solid."

We're done for.



Black Jack looked at him. 'Say, pardner, you're a man." The fires of life, rekindled, flamed up anew in the "I will get loose," he snarled with set teeth as he tore frightfully at the

set teeth as he tole highten at the snow packed around his waist. "Try this: my hands are too stiff to use it," said Sullivan, as he threw his watch to Black Jack.

"Sa-ay!"—the yell rang up the Pass—"
here's my knife."
Buried tight in the snow was the knife—life itself—within easy reach, yet frozen fast. Sullivan did not answer, but waited. Just then Black Jack's hands dropped the watch. It vanished along his leg into the black hole that held him, and then faintly clinked on a stone under the log-jam. With curse the life-long criminal clawed viciously at the snow with scarlet fingers. Ten minutes of bloody stratching cleared the handle and hilt of the heavy bowie; and Black Jack's head and shoulders arose triumphant, his gory right hand flourishing the priceless steel. The light from that blade flashed to the very top of Berthoud. Sullivan writher to keep warm. The shadows were growing longer now. Another two hours the sun would be down, and their lives would go out like candles. Black Jack ripped, labbed strained and from his burrow hurled ice, snow and splintered wood.

Aroused, he freed his feet of the webs and forced some feeling into the prisoned one. From his pocket he took his lunch, until now forgotten, and silently tossed half to his fellow prisoner. The camp robber darted onto silently tossed half to his fellow prisoner. The camp robber darted onto a piece of meat in the air, and flew squawking to a limb. Black Jack swore at the bird in profane amusement. Sulliyan redivided his piece of Fork and threw it over. The robber protested, raked it in, and tossed it back. Sullivan ate his own share, but this piece of meat he put back into his pocket.

But the other's hands had been—still were—too cold to use it, so it could have done him no good. Black Jack thought these things, seated on the log-end in the snowslide that frigid February day, facing his enemy—that enemy now harmless, but all-powerful if free. Why reverse their positions? Black Jack looked at the range ahead. It was good just to be range ahead. It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Sullivan—silent, waiting Sullivan-then at the empty hole, splotched with his own blood. Why not kill him quickly? One thrust and the cold-torsurely an act of mercy. Was not this

"Ah, a regular snow plow," grunted the other as he sprung open the lid with his teeth and began to scrape. Sa-ay:"—the yell rang up the Pass—"re's my knife."

Buried tight in the service of the service ered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the pine tops, looked again at the range, stif-fened to his feet, picked up the bowie. glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing Sullivan.
"I would not trade places with you,"

came from the carrier's lips; but the murderer was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Black Jack took the knife by the blade and handed it to Sullivan. The carrier tried to speak. Black

fumbled for his pipe. Sullivan bent into the hole to hide his tears—and to work A half hour and Black Jack pulled the

without the families of the fa carrier from the hole. A minute more and the two men, the morally white with black spots, the morally black with

"Your foot's frozen, ain't it? And I reckon I'd better be goin' a piece back with you," said Black Jack.
"No: no need of that: only frosted: all right now. I can stump it in ail right. These Dutch socks'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. Good luck to you. And"—Sullivan stopped, embarrassed—"and—if I were you I'd quit this business. Don't nay."

"You're right. I made up my mind to that in the hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't you—"Black Jack left the sentence as it was, but Sullivan knew. He gripped the des-perado's hand again, but its five bloody fingers made him think of five 1,000

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," the carrier replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then, with the knife held like a sword Sullivan saluted the other and left him. Black Jack's face was working, but he said nothing. At the edge of the timber Sullivan turned and once more waved the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. Then Sullivan passed beneath the

Three hours later the carrier limped nto Chipmunk's. Ten feet of snow on the level had buried the station in De-sember; only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Sullivan had been thinking; the inevitable re-action had set in and he staggered un-der his load, for it seemed to him as If that sack contained the mail of the whole nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was di-vided against itself, for the carrier was an honest man. One word to those in the cabin and by midnight Black Jack, the most dangerous mail robber in the United States, would be behind the

Sullivan shoved open the hinge-com-plaining door. Gansen was swearing-

had been for two hours.
"What's the trouble?" he demanded.
"Think I'm agoin' to hold that team
here a week and drive it all night, with the spirit thermometer 52 below at the Springs this mornin'? If I miss the Colter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat thing but come up the line with a meat ax for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a mowing machine had been having an argument."

"Oh. nothin'," said Sullivan. "Bucked into a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed, and I lost most of my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of humps and things.

ole museum of bumps and things. besides a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess it's de-layed in Denver; or else good people don't mail papers in the winter time. See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla! I want you to let up on trappin' along my trail. I don't like it. Found a mar-ten in oue of your infernal machines and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles some-wheres off into the timber. I don't want any more of it. Savey? besides a choice set of refrigerated toes

want any more of it. Savey?
"Well, adios, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time—perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance, sure. Ask the Colter schoolmarm to save me a waltz. Sure, now! Ta-ta.

"Say, Chip, get a wiggle on ya. Got any coffee? I'm tired." And Sullivan iffted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. He soon had the coffee boiling.

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HEBREW'S RUN ON EAST SIDE BANK WITH ITS UNUSUAL SCENES GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED

T HE storm which gathered about the | specific offers for cash was one of \$1 .- | whether they are desirable accounts to | of the bank. State bank in Grand street on Tuesday afternoon burst with full fury upon that institution yesterday morning. When the bank threw open its doors at 9 o'clock, an hour earlier

fight to prevent the bank entrance from being rushed.

When the bank opened twenty-five colicemen were around it ready to deal with strenuous conditions, but it was not until three had been hurt by being queezed against the area railing that the police got the mob in hand. Sergeant Kenney of the Delancy street station, was so badly hurt that he had to be relieved from duty for the day. In the mad rush on the bank there was a narrow escape from a more serious a narrow escape from a more serious accident. The iron railing against which the three policemen were squeezed gave way at one end, and the stone curbing in which it was set was warped several inches out of plumb.

Had the rail wholly given way the policemen and thirty or forty men and wemen would have been piled in a heap is the area below, but just at this critical moment the police gained the

ney had to face and were prepared for.

They had drawn \$400,000 from the ubtreasury, \$75,000 of which was in ived dollars. They had an extra force paying tellers with stacks of bags of liver piled around them and all pay-tents up to \$500 were made in these onderous coms. Above \$500 the pay-ents were about two-thirds in silver

and one-third in \$1 bills.

Payments continued for an hour agreements continued for an hour after the bank doors were closed to feesh relays of panic-stricken depositions and about \$65,000 in sums ranging from \$5 to \$1,600 was put out. Some-bing like a ton and a half in silver tent over the bank counters. A wide zone of the east side was in-

undated with silver, involving in many a tenement a vigil over the treasure to keep thieves away.

The bank would not let those who withdrew their accounts re-deposit tiem. "Take your money, go away and don't come back again," was what the institution's line of action meant translated into words, and it was rigidly adhered to, notwithstanding the tearful entreaties of many who have tearful entreaties of many who, hav-ing seen and touched their savings, were content and wanted to put them back in the bank's safe keeping. Meantime the bank was doing a roar-

ing business on the incoming side of the ling business on the incoming side of the account. The first deposit was made by Harry Fishel. The amount was \$23,750. In a few minutes there came another deposit of more than \$6,000. Thus the swelling tide of income kept up until at the close of business \$440,000 had been deposited as against about \$55,000 will deposited as against about \$55,000 will deposit the close by 000,000 from the Citizens' Central bank, another of \$300,000 from a Brooklyn bank and others by the dozens "for any amount needed." But the State bank needed no help.

f sent down its \$10,000 yellow-back ills to the subtreasury and brought sack in exchange bags of silver by the ruckload for depositors. The bags

Brownsville branch and keeping up the payments until 9 o'clock in the evening. But that is unnecessary. We will open an hour earlier and keep open an hour later tomorrow and till the ens in all and we know these volatile

"We have put out no statement of ny kind," said President Oscar L. lichard. "Our experience is that it is orse than useless. Tell these people norse than useless. Tell these people mything and it only arouses their suscicion the more. The only thing that alks to them is money.

"The most trifling cause is sufficient start a run here. In 1895 a man fell an epileptic fit on the front stoop.

If course a crowd gathered. The sight if the crowd sprung the idea in someody's mind that the bank was in trou-

oe, and in no time we had a run on our hands. It kept up for days.
"In 1893 a Yeddish newspaper that irculates here printed one day the headline, 'Neb. State bank fails,' and paper interpreted 'Neb.' in the head-line as an abbreviation of nebbig, and they read it. 'Poor State bank fails.' That was enough. They came down to us like a deluge and we had a run that listed two weeks."

On another occasion a boy in front bank shouted 'Fire!' A crowd

"So in this case we have issued no statement, and will issue none, because t is of no earthly use. The only noit is of no earthly use. The only notice we have put out is the one you see
in the window which simply announces
that until further notice the bank will
open at 9 o'clock in the morning instead of 10, and will close at 5 in the
afternoon instead of 4. As long as the
rush continues we will continue paying
accounts in full, and will make no partial payments. Withdrawers must take
the have the railing gave way.

Sergeant Kenney's billy in his pocket
was then pressed against his side so
that he was then badly hurt. Policemen Robinson and Blunt, the other two
men squeezed, were able to stick it out.

In several of the rushes the police
drew their clubs and the more frantic
men in the more ran away howling but

cere dumped into the steady grinding to the basement, where the run and they lose the interest. On this basis most of the accounts of the grists for which the bank backs called.

On this basis most of the accounts having six months' interest due on them, the bank saves by yesterday's stampede about \$800, and as the run remises to keep up for several days as a handsome mar-

promises to keep up for several days there will probably be a handsome margin of profit above the expense incident to handling the mob.

The psychological history of the pres-

ent run is wrapped in mystery. Mr. Kohn, the vice president of the bank, culd advance only one possible ex-

planation for it.

"The newspapers have contained a good deal recently about bank failures," he said, "and there have been several bank failures on the east side. Then the Chadwick matter and the charges against the City bank and Vice President Loomis have been eagerly read by the public. The air was charged with this kind of electricity and it did was thought there was favoritism on the last such as the was favoritism of the public. The air was charged with this kind of electricity and it did was thought there was favoritism or more public. The women were sent down into the bank basement in batches of twenty. It was thought there was favoritism or more public. The air was charged the public of the contained a rush of women homeward to get their babies or even to borrow babies for the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first served at last, with men and women, babies or no babies.

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The women homeward to get their babies or even to borrow babies for the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank, but it was first come first side crooks tonighted the occasion. The men were kept in the rear rank with men and

ground with the police for a good part of the day, characterized the run as the worst he had ever seen on the east side, and he has seen a good many. After Tuesday's excitement scores of

nen and women hung about the neigh-porhood all night, to be first in line when the bank opened. Many of those of them over. Out of one heap Rounds man Blunt fished a woman who was lying flat on her back, with a heavy man sitting on her face, the man himself unable to move because he was pinned down by the weight of those on top of him. The woman was dazed, but

away.

"I told you you'd have fireworks if you turned that ice-jam loose. No wonder she busted. What'd you expect? You're too experienced a man by the looks of you to throw such a kid trick looks of you to throw s

whether they are desirable accounts to reopen.

"Those who withdraw accounts now also will not get any interest on their money. We do not agree to pay interest on accounts, but as a matter of fact we do pay 2½ per cent. In a rush like this it is out of the question to attempt to compute interest, and we do not pay it. All those presenting accounts in this run are the depositors of savings, and they lose the interest."

On this basis most of the accounts having six months' interest due on them, the bank saves by yesterday's stampede about \$800, and as the run promises to keep up for several days there will probable be a back and they lose the interest. When the police had the crowd in something like order.

At 10:30 o'clock the first truckload of siver came from the sub-treasury. The to be came from the sub-treasury. The total to be roughly handled to be roughly handled to keep them away from it. Old men and old women tumbled over each other to toke them away from it. Old men and old women tumbled over each other to keep them away from it. Old men and old woman loaded down with more than 500 silver dollars was permitted to redeposit it. An old, long-bearded patriarch with \$1.600 sat on the floor with his wealth between his legs, and fifty-five pounds, were on this truck.

They came with four armed bank employes, and the crowd was pushed back while stalwart porters staggered with the silver into the basement.

When the police had the crowd in something like order with a complete their star truckload of silver came from the sub-treasury. The crowd had to be roughly handled to be rou

When the police had the crowd in something like order a rope was stretched along the curb, and the crowd was kept outside of it. To get inside long-whiskered patriarchs tried to kiss the policemen's hands. Others whined pitiful tales about needing money for food. It was noticed that women with children in their arms got into the line first, and then there was a rush of women homeward to the seed of the sleeve into a knot, made a month. The shows the interval of the sleeve into a knot, made a month into the line first, and then there was a rush of women homeward to the sleeve into a knot, made a month into the line first, and then there was a rush of women homeward to the sleeve into a knot, made a month into the street into the street into a distribution of the sleeve into a knot, made a month into the street into the street into a distribution of the sleeve into a knot, made a month into the street into the stre

read by the public. The air was charged with this kind of electricity and it did not need much of a conductor to bring the fluid down almost anywhere.

"The public was in a receptive condition and this east side population is very volatile. That is the only explanation I can give of it, except that the large numbers of people coming to make deposits by Jan. 10 to come in for interest may have started the excitement."

Inspector Titus, who was on the ground with the police for a good part.

The batches of twenty, It was thought there was favoritism on the bast the day of the cops and this started a rush, in which the weakened railing was again threatened. And thus for hours depositors, bank books in hand, went down into the basement and came up again staggering under a weight of bull-on.

The scene down in the basement has never been matched before even in an east side bank run. The sixteen tellers stood in two cages with bags of stilver in the afternoon at work in the crowd.

New York Sun.

"I should like to look at a stove-pipe hat."

"He thirks." explained the wife to the salesman, "that he will look grate in a east side bank run. The sixteen tellers stood in two cages with bags of stilver in the afternoon at work in the crowd.

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"We have quite a range of styles in the salesman as he flue to one, the hoves.

dollars stacked up around their feet. Three men in each cage did nothing but count out money—ten silver dollars in a pile, ten piles in a row—\$1,000 per

tray. As fast as the contents of a bag was thus counted out another was emptied on the counter, and all day long this went on, the tellers never restwho did go home kept an all-night ling and the constant clink, clink clink wigil. With the first streak of dawn of the dollars as they counted them into the little heaps, keeping up like the n keeping back the mob bowled dozens Along a railing waiting their turn to be paid stood the doubting Thomases, their eyes fairly allame with money greed as they looked through the wire netting at the heaps of wealth within.

not unconscious.

This was when the railing gave way.
Sergeant Kenney's billy in his pocket was then pressed against his side so that he was then badly hurt. Police-woman, who had drawn \$865, all in silver, sat on the floor with her heap before her for more than an hour at this task. In the window seats and wherever a place could be found, others

"I am trailing as many of these peo-ple with detectives as I can," said In-spector Titus. "Nobody has complained of losses in the streets, but what may

happen in the tenements tonight is another thing."

Two boy pickpockets were arrested in the afternoon at work in the crowd.

"He thirks," explained the wife to the salesman, "that he will look grate in a stove-pipe hat."

"We have quite a range of styles in them," said the salesman as he flue to open the boxes.

"This one doesn't soot him at all, do you think," asked the wife, when the man had tried on the first.

"I think it is a nice lid," slangily declared the clerk.

"I suppose the high price is because of the skillet takes to make the hat," ventured the husband.

"Yes," answered the salesman; "and then, you see, this hat is not oven ordinary shape."

"I'll take it." announced the husband, "if you'll cash a draft for me."

"The boss wood-fire me if I did," replied the clerk.

"Then that puts a damper on the whole scheme." asserted the wife, taking her husband by the arm and leading him away.

Ridiculous Man.

"If your Dorcas society really wants accomplish a good deal of work why on't you buy a sewing machine?" he